

Good Morning 784

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the Co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)



Friday Feast for E.R.A. Ted Barclay

IT was Friday evening when we called at 30 St. Lawrence Terrace, N. Kensington, and you will readily realise what that meant, E.R.A. Ted Barclay. You will no doubt be pleased to hear that your mother continues the tradition of baked beans, sausages and potatoes. She is hoping it will not be long before you are home to join her and your father in a bumper Friday night meal.

Afterwards, no doubt, the "Percy" will be beckoning to the three of you; that is, if you have changed your taste since you have been in submarines!

Dad still hastens to the "Percy" when he has anything to celebrate, and your mother told us that on hearing of your successful patrol he made one dive over there.

Both he and Mum are very well, and Dad has now gone back to his old business, which is also flourishing.

Your mother had very good cause to feel happy when we called. She had just heard that her parents in Dieppe are safe, and she hopes she will be going to see them soon. She looks forward to making the trip with you some time, too.

Those two dolls you see in the picture are not a product of La Belle France, in spite of their decidedly Parisienne air. Your father won them playing darts in Oxford Street, and they recline on the settee these days.

While we are on the subject of your home, we can tell you on your mother's authority that you will not know your wardrobe when you return.

Reason is, both Mum and Dad have utilised it to the best advantage. Your mother has converted your shirts into blouses, and Dad has been wearing your suits. Looks as if you will be starting from scratch, Ted.

Your friends from St. Mark's School often come to see your mother, and they all say how much they look forward to having you back again: for visits, perhaps, to the Hammersmith Palais, or Satur-

day afternoons at the Queen's Park Rangers' ground.

Until then, the radiogram remains considerably subdued, but it is awaiting you, and Mum keeps your records safely, particularly bearing in mind your favourite, "In the Mood."

All the folk at Kensington, including Mr. Green and Mrs. Silk, join your parents in wishing you the best of luck and a speedy return to Friday night suppers.

THESE MAKE TOWN TOPICS

ALMOST 12,000 Dundonians inspected a German Submarine during a three day visit sometime ago to Dundee Harbour and donated £282 to King George V Fund for Sailors.

When the same U-boat visited Aberdeen, more people visited it than anywhere else in Scotland. It was a free show.

And Aberdeen says, with becoming modesty that the money collection taken was the biggest of the tour.

FOOTBALLER.

ALBERT Julissen, the crack Huddersfield Town centre-forward, who was the guest of Dundee United during the war years, has decided to remain in the Tayside area, though not with United.

He has been transferred to Dundee F.C. and the cheque handed over was the biggest in the history of the club. Aberdeen were also interested in "Julie."

SUBMARINERS who know Southampton will find big changes in the town's transport system.

Proposition is to scrap the famous fleet of red-painted tram-cars which have served the town for more than 40 years, and to substitute 'buses.

The problem which caused great controversy is whether the change-over shall be to motor-buses or trolley-buses.

SNAKES ALIVE!

FOR many years past the London Zoo relied upon Mr. George Wateridge, who formerly lived at Pond End, Lyndhurst, to send them adders, slow worms, grass snakes, lizards and newts from the New Forest.

Mr. Wateridge, however, had to leave Pond End, owing to illness, to live with his daughter at Bartley.

Now over 80 years of age, he is now unable to pursue his profession as a snake-catcher. He said he knows of no one able to carry on his work.

At one time, he was catching adders alive at the rate of from 40 to 80 a fortnight and sending them to London and Scotland, while he also had orders from America.

The largest adder he ever caught was a female, 2ft. 8ins. long. Once he was bitten on the thumb by an adder. He immediately cut the skin with his pen-knife. Then he went to an inn and bought a double whisky.

Some of it he placed on the wound—the rest he drank! Even so, his arm swelled to the shoulder and was stiff for about three months afterwards.

MEMORIAL

BOURNEMOUTH'S war memorial is to take the practical

form of homes for disabled ex-Service men and women and their families.

An appeal for £50,000 was launched to cover the cost of 38 Memorial Houses which are the first objective. The homes will be let at nominal rents.

A five-acre site, situated in pleasant surroundings in North Bournemouth, has been given for the houses.

Each house will bear a plaque, and the donor or donors of the entire cost of providing a house will have the privilege of recording on the plaque any memorial inscription deemed suitable.

BEACON.

ON the subject of war memorials, the novel suggestion was made by the Dean of Winchester (Dr. E. G. Selwyn) that the memorial for the county of Hampshire might take the form of a lighthouse to replace the present Calshot lightship, at the entrance to Southampton Water.

The suggestion, he said, has been put before the Lord Lieutenant of Hampshire that the lighthouse should be either on land, or, if money was available, on the Brambles.

"The idea is that it would be visible to everyone coming into or going out of the port of Southampton," said the Dean.

Cupid and the C.I.D.

STUART MARTIN tells the remarkable story of the deceptions of Colonel Lancaster

BELIEVE me, it was almost a pity the police found out about "Colonel" Lancaster. I mean a pity in one way, for it meant—aw, I'll tell the story and you can judge.

In April, 1915, the Anzac (Australian and New Zealand) troops made a grab for Gabe Tepe, in Gallipoli. They landed, and it was a bitter landing and bitter fighting that continued. The first World War was going strong.

On the 25th of the month came through a list of men lost and wounded in action. One of these listed as killed was an Australian soldier named Lancaster. Nobody, except maybe his friends, took much notice of that.

But some months later the Australian Provost Corps in France received word that a man of that name was believed to be a deserter. This alleged deserter had gone to Egypt, then had cut across to Marseilles, and from there to Paris.

The Provost Corps started out to find him, and they couldn't, although they searched through the zones of the British armies throughout France, and elsewhere too. Always, it seemed, Lancaster was just a trifle smarter than they were.

The armistice came and went, and Lancaster was almost forgotten, except that occasionally there came rumours of him having been seen in Belgium, Spain, Italy, and finally in England. He was apparently living "by his wits." Complaints came in.

He was for a time living in Kensington, then he moved to elsewhere in the West End, posing as a wealthy New Zealand sheep farmer. He promoted business on a big scale. Well, we'll say "promoted."

But he vanished from the West End, and the next that was heard of him was when he was working deep-sea liners. Working is a term for what you wouldn't strictly call it. Nor did the police.

He quit the liner method of making money, and was next heard of in the Near East. He was now Colonel Lancaster. With forged papers and many

similar faked documents, he got to Turkey, and impressed the authorities there with his importance.

He told them he had come to Turkey from the Australian Government to negotiate for ground at Gallipoli, which was to be turned into a final resting-place of the Anzac dead.

The Australian Government, he said, wanted their fallen troops all in one place. The Turks were sympathetic and helped him when he strode over the ground, looking at this spot and that. He was banqueted, bowed to, made much of. He even saw several representatives of the Turkish Government. They listened to his mission and were duly impressed.

In the Turkish capital he came across an international financier, a hard-headed man of business, and to him Colonel Lancaster told his mission. The financier was all sympathy, too.

The Colonel was going strong in his negotiations at this point, and expected everything to come through—but there was a hitch.

The Turkish Government (said the Colonel to the financier) wanted to hurry matters, and wanted £10,000 down if the sacred bit of ground was to be secured for Australia.

The Colonel had wired Australia, but it would take time for the money to come, and the Turks were not inclined to wait. The ground would be lost; the ideal piece of ground in which the dead of Anzac were to lie for ever.

The financier (I am not going to tell who he was) fell for it. He handed over to the Colonel the sum of £10,000, which was the deposit "demanded by the Turks." And Colonel Lancaster took it and disappeared.

When inquiries were made on behalf of the financier, he found that the Colonel had diddled others besides himself. In fact, the Porte Government had been told by a British diplomat out there that there was reason to suspect the Colonel; and the Porte authorities had begun to make inquiries of the Commonwealth Government. The

Colonel had heard of this and decamped just in time.

Lancaster now was wealthy. He kept going from place to place; he was seen in good society. He was even getting married to several women.

I believe that ultimately 20 women came forward and admitted that he had proposed to them and they had accepted him.

He was a handsome chap, tall, well-built, curly brown hair, clean shaven, smooth-skinned, tanned with the sun.

These 20 women were not only natives of France. Some of them were in London, and good-class women, too. Most of them were wealthy.

It was in Paris that the schemes of Colonel Lancaster dropped right out of existence. He had become acquainted with a very handsome American who lived in Paris. They were very friendly, very friendly. They were always together.

There was a French woman who knew the American and was in love with him. And it was she who spilled the beans. She went to the Paris police. The Paris police called on Colonel Lancaster. The American was present, and never blinked an eyelid when the French police made their dis-

It was because she had gone to the Near East after her husband's death that the Anzac authorities got mixed up with her husband. They had accepted his death until this new soldier named Lancaster got into trouble by defrauding some people in Cairo. Then they classed the culprit as Lancaster (who they said must be alive) and classed Lancaster (who really was dead) as a deserter!

A nice bit of mix-up. As for the incident, when the Paris police called on the Colonel and the American, there is a thrill there, too. Not the same kind of thrill, but a real heart one.

For Mrs. Lancaster had fallen deeply in love with the American, to whom she had been introduced as a colonel. She acted straight. She told him that she was Mrs. Lancaster. There were tears and self-reproaches.

And the American? He confessed that he had suspected it. He did more. He said that he was as much in love with her as she was with him, and more so.

In his state of mind—you know what love will do maybe—he had told the secret to his Parisian friend, not knowing that she, too, was in love with him. And out of bitter jealousy the French lady (she was quite a respectable lady) had gone and told the police.

I have it on the authority of one of the C.I.D. men who knew her as the "Colonel" that though she was a swindler, she bore herself always with the proper military carriage of her assumed rank.

And this C.I.D. man had seen her at Epsom races, at the Derby, and elsewhere. Not even he suspected that the Colonel was a woman!

That C.I.D. man was Detective Woodhall. He said the Colonel was a cool, clever, handsome Colonial who smiled himself into the confidence of men everywhere, and into the hearts of the women, too. It was some shock to him when the truth came from Paris.

Do you want to know the end? Ultimately she married her American. I am glad I can tell you that, for it is not often that the little chap called Cupid wins through the murk of wrong-doing.

USELESS EUSTACE



"Some 'opes! Why should I patch up a quarrel just when it suits you?"

closure. For the American knew the secret already.

No, you couldn't, guess in 100 years what that secret was, so I'll tell you at once. The Colonel was no colonel, of course. He was a lady, and the American was going to marry her.

She—we'll call her "she" now—was really the handsome wife of the Australian soldier who lay dead in Gallipoli. And she was handsome.

She had gone to Paris with her husband before he went to Gallipoli, and there he had left her for action station. While in Paris she fell away from the straight and narrow path and got entangled with some crooks, both male and female, and she was in the swim of fraud when she heard her husband was dead.

The news came to her not only through the official channels, but by letter from her husband's best friend, who fought beside him. And then the friend was killed.

All her husband's personal letters and identity papers, all his business correspondence, were in her possession. She had tasted the thrill of the underworld, and she determined to carry on.

She had a magnetic charm about her. She was a tall woman, with beautiful curly hair, with a round face that was not masculine, yet could be that of a very good-looking man. She dressed in her husband's uniform, or in similar uniform. She became the colonel, but not at first.

RINGING

A Serviceman's wife who had left a ring with a Plymouth jeweller for alteration called in once a week for six weeks to see if the job was done. It never was, so she asked the man in the shop to let her have it back again.

He told her she could have it on payment of half-a-crown.

"What for?" asked the customer.

"Well, we've had the trouble of looking after it all this time," said the jeweller.



Our address still is:
"Good Morning,"
c/o Dept. of C.N.I.,
Admiralty, London, S.W.1.

THE DERELICT

BLACK Gallien was a Melanesian, a Papuan, a Kanaka. He was a big man, six feet high, with a cut over his right eye which in healing had brought his brow low over the optic.

To look at him one thought at first that he was blind on the right side. He was not blind, but he allowed the idea to go abroad.

His cunning began with this. Heaven had placed a mark on him.

Throughout the Society Islands and the entire Paumotu archipelago he was known as the greatest pearl thief unhung. Murder did not matter to him.

When he wanted pearls he took them, sailing in among the skin divers on his schooner during the night and anchoring within hail. And yet, though the island police believed he was guilty of crimes beyond count, they could not lay their hands on him.

Once or twice he had been hailed before a magistrate to explain how one or other skin diver had lost his life or his pearls; and he had explained. At the end of his explanation the magistrates had to open the courthouse doors to let him go free, though they felt he ought to be in the dock.

Once a Frenchman had said at Papeete as he walked from the court: "Make way for the criminal who is innocent."

Black Gallien leered at him. This coloured giant was a strange mixture. He was crafty and well-balanced, a villain of the temperate type, which is about the worst breed of all, for he was always on the alert, hypocritical and ready go with an explanation.

He once said he owed a grudge against the whole human race because he had been born with a coloured skin.

But his brain was white. His trippers who wished to have a skin was in reality the safeguard look at the real tropics, the skin divers of the islands, and the natives in Tiputa.

Urt had been doing the cruise long enough. It was always the same: up to the Tongas, then north to Navigator Island, then east to the Societies and Tahiti and back to civilisation via Rarotonga.

Had he been a native of London he would have been a commercial magnate.

Had he been in New York he would have been a millionaire.

In Germany he would have been a war lord.

He combined with his cunning a daring that flared out now and then and revealed a masterful resource. He directed his operations with a twin rope; if one led him into trouble, the other led him out of it.

He changed his schooner time and again, trading his boat for another at all times and seasons, and altering her rig as often as he set sail. Fortunately a tree must grow where its roots are planted. Providence had limited Black Gallien's horizon to the Low Archipelago.

The skin divers did not believe this; they said the devil had placed him there.

So much for exhibit number one in this story. Now to produce number two.

Archie Buller had been many things in his life. He had been a London policeman, but left the Force because he got tired of regulating traffic. He had drifted to Australia and had herded sheep on a ranch before he decided to go to sea.

He studied navigation on board several of the local liners and became third mate on the Margaret, commanded by Captain Urt, which sailed from Auckland with those

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"What are you going to do in Tahiti?" he asked when he had fixed things up. "Join the police or hunt pearls?"

"Perhaps both, sir. Your cook, Towlase, is coming with me. He can dive, and he wants to marry a girl ashore."

"They all return to get married," grunted Urt. "As for you, you'll get soft and turn native. Maybe I'll see you regulating traffic on the beach when I come back."

"Maybe," said Buller. They parted at that.

Divers who generally went from the habit of directing traffic. I suppose he's sickened off pearly White pearls were angry that the French authorities of Papeete again. I've a good mind not to pay any attention to him."

But he did pay attention after all, when he had gone ashore and made inquiries of the inter-island gossip people as to how things were at Papeete.

One piece of information interested and amused him. It was to the effect that Buller had got into bad trouble with the natives over Black Gallien. It was whispered that Buller joined the police, had tried some of his London methods of arresting Gallien, and Gallien had scared the life out of him. That was what the natives said, and no man would go pearling for him.

As for Towlase, his diver, he had gone to the bad, having joined the crew of Black Gallien. Captain Urt decided then that he would call at Papeete and tell Buller to his face that he was a complete failure and had better go back to London.

The Margaret sailed from Upolu in time to arrive at Papeete on Christmas Eve. There had been a small hurricane while the liner lay at Upolu, but like most South Sea hurricanes it had brought

It was a letter from Buller, his ex-mate, and was but a few lines, asking him not to put off calling at Papeete, and directing him to lay his course for Tahiti along the eighteenth parallel from the Navigators.

"There's nothing like a London policeman for cheek," grunted Urt as he read the short note for the third time. "He can't get out of

Black Gallien was so bad he got away with it

tonga. The one place he was always sure to call at was Papeete, where the pearl fishing was interesting to those passengers who had never glimpsed it before.

To have seen the Diadem Mountains meant to most tourists that they had really been to the South Seas.

It was at Tahiti that Buller heard about Black Gallien. The authorities had tried tracking him, but the native recruits needed drilling and training. There was no one to train them, to instil rigid discipline into them. Instead of a force there was a rabble. The sight pained Buller. He walked boldly up to the Place du Gouver-

ment. When he returned to his ship he asked Captain Urt for leave to quit. The captain had his own idea of Buller's seamanship. He was one of the old school who believed that no man was worthy to stand on a ship's bridge unless he had sailed from his youth. He did not like officers who had been

The Margaret sailed. Her next trip was the Christmas one, the most important of the year, when Papeete is given over to spectacular displays and the natives parade the bay in huge decorated canoes and sing age-old war songs.

The visitors like it, for the town is en fete, there are fire-walking exhibitions and himenes, dyed war-riors and thrills of a past savage existence.

On this Christmas trip, Urt's mind was jerked back to Buller whom he had almost forgotten.

At Upolu, Captain Urt received two pieces of news which were distasteful to him. The first was that Black Gallien had broken loose among the pearl fishers south of Tahiti and had made the mistake of his career. He had been guilty of knifing a man and had stolen a take of pearls.

For the first time Gallien had given the authorities evidence enough to arrest him; but he had escaped.

The whole of the diving world was seething with the outrage.

QUIZ for today

1. In what game is the term "ace point" used?
2. How many yards are there in a wrap of worsted?
3. Which planet was discovered by accident with a home-made telescope, and by whom?
4. Is a giraffe more closely related to a horse or a camel?
5. What wood is generally

used for making plate-racks, cheap brush handles, etc.?
6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why?—Throw-in, Off-side, Gaol-kick, Long-stop, Left-half.

Answers to Quiz in No. 783

1. Chequers.
2. 48.
3. Kind of star.
4. Pierre and Mme. Curie, 1902; (the pure metal, 1910).
5. Spider.
6. Mid-off is a position on a cricket field; others refer to the play.



Know what
You're up
against!
says
JACK GREENALL

THE BEE.

HOT weather gives the bee the rats; he'll then take on all comers whether they're game or not. My advice is crawl under a tin bath till the All Clear blows!

Bee stings, I hear, are good for rheumatism. Don't bank on this, though. I got the dope from a non-trier.

Colours give the bee a pain in the lemon. He can tell blue from yellow, but red finds him applying a wet towel. His sense of smell, I read, is about the same as ours, which explains a helluva lot!

The bee lives in a hive where privacy is at a premium. The whole joint is controlled by the Queen, the only fertile female of the whole mob. Not greedy, eh, but she likes the lot!

The male bee is called the Drone, or Work-shy Willie. He's killed off in the autumn, having worn out his welcome. The female bee is the Worker.

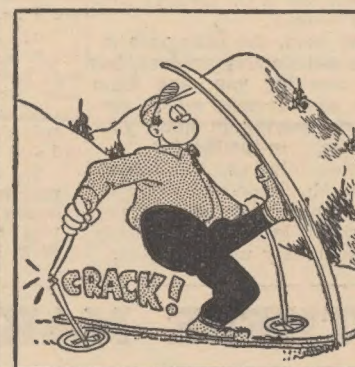
She collects the pollen, minds the babies, makes beeswax and honeycomb, and keeps the place tidy. Fun and games nil.

The bee starts life as an egg, then, when the novelty wears off, he tries being a grub for a while; getting browned off with being a grub he turns into a pupa; life as a pupa giving him the pip, he then makes up his mind once and for all, and decides at last to become a bee. The fickle sort, eh?

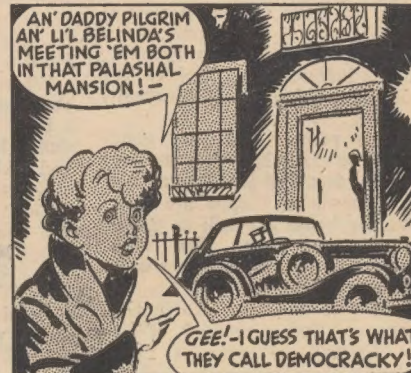
If there's a full house, some of the bees, sporting a brand new Queen of their own leave the old homestead and hang around, all in a lump, till their housing problem is solved for them. Strikes me they'd be hanging around till Doomsday if the Government had had anything to do with it!

She went into the butcher's
For spare ribs and suet,
But found that some others
Had beaten her to it.
She said she would settle
For sausage and liver,
But the butcher insisted
He had none to give her.
She pleaded for pork chops
For meatballs... for mutton...
The butcher said, "Lady,
I just ain't got mutton!"

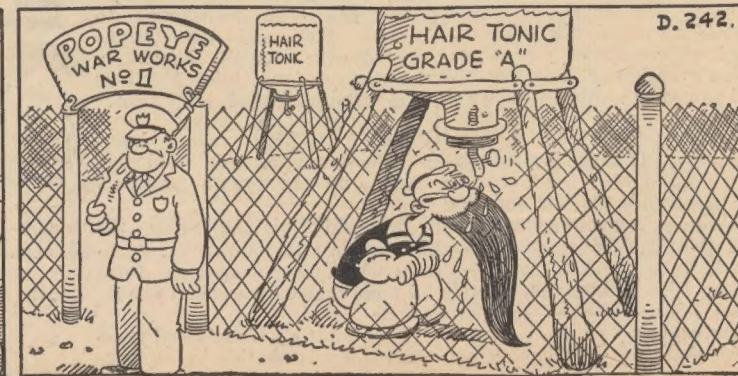
BEELEZBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



Wangling Words No. 722

- 1. Behead some vessels and get some grain.
- 2. Insert the same letter five times and make sense of: Theoliceeroosetorotectersonnel.
- 3. What garment can be written in six capital letters consisting entirely of straight lines?
- 4. The two missing words contain the same letters in different order: One of the — at the party had a large — let in the front of her dress.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 721

- 1. B-link.
- 2. Peace problems perplex politicians.
- 3. MANTIA.
- 4. Rogues, grouse.

JANE

The Derelict

(Continued from Page 2) them on the spot indicated by ideal weather in its wake, and the the mate. He saw a vessel rising voyage was begun under fine and sinking on the swell. He put conditions. When they were two the glasses down and looked at the days out the trade wind fell, compass and the chart. and the sea swung up and down — “We’re keeping north of the in long rulls, oily and even. usual run, sir,” said the mate. On the afternoon of the third “Your orders were to run on the day, Urt came up from his cabin eighteenth parallel.” in the middle of the first dog- “That’s right.” watch to see how things were Neither spoke, but the eyes of going. His first mate was on the both flirted now and then towards bridge, the passengers were mostly the speck on the horizon. They below sleeping during the hot both knew they would be up on her by the time the bell sounded the second dog-watch. The mate had his eyes glued The watch had been changed to a pair of binoculars directed when Urt lifted the glasses again. towards the horizon. He looked steadily for a minute. “See anything?” asked the He “Don’t go below,” he said to skipper. “There’s a schooner over there, the first mate who was about to sir; but I can’t make much of leave the bridge, “I may want her yet. Funny-looking craft,” you. Just have a look at that craft Urt took the glasses and trained again.”

The schooner was quite plain now, but she was behaving in a strange way, rolling and yawing as her sheets filled and flattened uneasily. A weak, hot wind sighed across the sea, but there was no weight behind it, and the schooner was not tacking to get the benefit of the uneven breeze. She just wallowed. “I can’t make out anyone on board, sir,” said the mate. “There’s no one at her wheel. She looks a pearler, but we are north of their runs.” Captain Urt put his hand on the cord of the siren and sent a long shriek into the air. Then, in a moment, another blast trailed out. “Maybe they’re all sleeping,” he said. “See anyone now?” “Not a soul, sir.” “Put the wheel over a spoke or two. I’ll hail her. She looks over her as she lay to starboard, slopping into her hold by way of an uncovered hatch. There was no

and sent the mate for his mega-boat at her davits, the ropes from phone, motioning at the same which trailed down the hull to time to the steersman to draw the water. close towards the stranger. “A derelict!” commented Urt. “Get a boat out and I’ll board her.” In a few minutes the Margaret was swung round and Captain Urt usually sailed. She was heavy, was being pulled over to the strange too, and her canvas was patched schooner. It was easy enough to get aboard. The trailing ropes from the davits The Margaret was within a hundred yards of the schooner gave Urt all the aid he needed. when the mate returned with the megaphone. Urt took it and walked round with wrinkled brows. The planks of the schooner were blistered and dirty, quite unlike the deck of a pearler. In smaller craft, but the creaking the waist two mattresses, soaked of her yards as she swung round with sea-water, lay in a sodden to a puff of hot air that filled her heap under the gunwale. The iron-ragged sails. Her helm banged work was rusty. The yards had like a stick inside a drum. not been scraped for months. The Her bows lifted to the swell, sails were patched and holed, then dipped, and the sea broke some of the canvas, which had over her as she lay to starboard, evidently been ripped recently, slopping into her hold by way of an trailing to the deck. (To be continued)



People Are Queer

“DESIRABLE building sites” are bought and sold every day of the week, but it must be rare for a man to buy up part of a cemetery. This is what Mr. Hugh McAlevy, of Belfast, famous Ulster sportsman, did in 1937. He started by buying resting space for his own needs, and set twelve men to work for three weeks to build him a tomb, with iron railings round it specially treated to prevent rust. While this was going on it struck him that there were lots of poor people whose relatives found funeral expenses a difficult thing to meet. So he bought up a large piece of the cemetery near his own plot and gave instructions that it should be used free of all charge in hardship cases. McAlevy died the other day and was laid to rest in the prepared tomb, which bore an inscription he had provided himself.

Fantasy

Hear the reply the Guardsman made to the Orderly Officer who asked him, “What would you do if a cruiser sailed along the Mall toward Buck House?” He answered, “But it couldn’t happen, sir.” “But suppose it did?” “I’d get into my left boot and fire at it through the eyelets,” he answered.

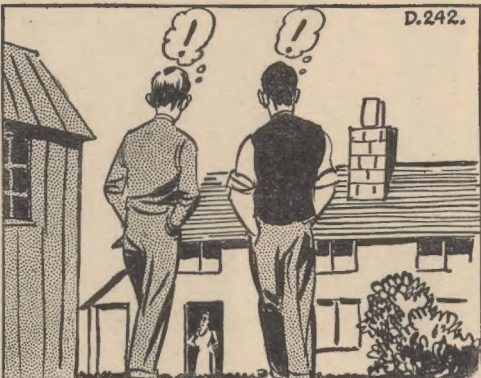
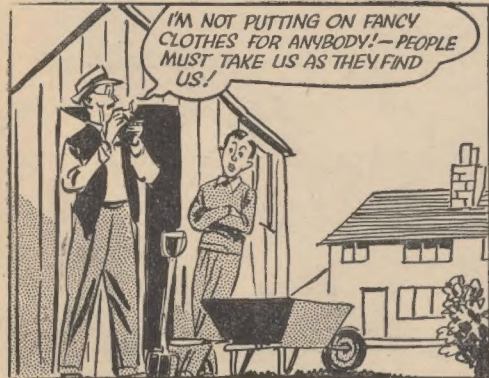
CROSS-WORD CORNER

GAP	POM	YEW
OCHRE	ABOVE	
TULIP	TOKAY	
TOG	MIXED	
MEXICAN	LEA	
U	DATES	N
DAB	SCENTED	
MIRTH	AIN	
NASAL	MINUS	
OZONE	ULTRA	
BEN	SAG	SEW

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- CLUES ACROSS.—1 Pretend. 6 Turned up. 10 Trundle. 11 Resist. 13 Restrict. 15 Farther on. 16 Bird. 17 Watch. 18 Exclaim. 19 Slide. 21 Powdery residue. 23 Thoroughfare. 24 Increase. 25 Because. 26 Marsh. 27 Detail. 29 Bird. 31 Colour. 32 Boy. 34 New Zealand tree. 36 Fit with glass. 38 Lure. 40 Discontinue. 41 Part of oboe. 42 Vole.
- CLUES DOWN.—1 Curve. 2 Woodland tract. 3 Side. 4 Tree. 5 Part of infinitive. 6 Health resort. 7 Nick. 8 Employer. 9 Precious stones. 12 Agreeable. 14 Doctrinaire. 20 Wrath. 22 Put. 23 Railway carriage. 25 Brazilian river. 26 Wind instrument. 28 Cheer up. 30 Decline. 33 Department. 35 Relieve. 37 Money. 39 Comparative suffix.

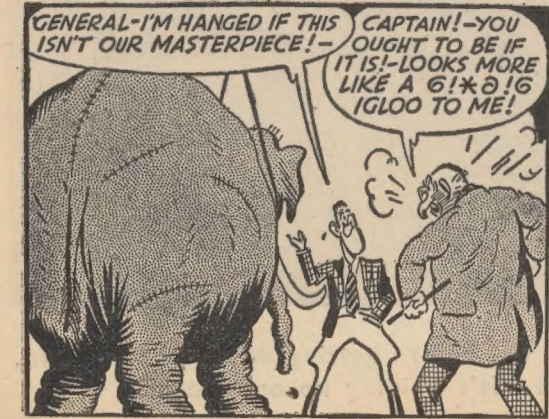
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



Good
Morning



THIS STUDY IN MEDITATION shows you what goes on when everything comes off and Beauty warms up, before getting down to the down. It's the same the whole world over, but this corner of anywhere has everything, everywhere, and — it's holding up our work !